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VOL. III NO. 23 SEPTEMBER 5, 1972

Woodwind

AN ARTS PAPER WASHINGTON, D.C. FREE

CALENDAR OF DELIGHTS

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6

MUSIC

Il Matrimonio Segreto; Rome Piccolo Opera and the Virtuousi Di Roma; Kennedy Center Opera House $12 – $3.50; 8 pm
Liz Meyer & White Lightening; Red Fox Inn
Sky Cobb; McLean High School; 8:30
Folksingers; Brickskeller; 1523 22nd St. NW
Jackson Browne & David Blue; Cellar Door
B.J. Thomas; The Stardust; 843-6233
The Performers Committee for 20th Century Music; Kennedy Center Eisenhower Theatre; 7:30 pm $5.50 – $2.50
National Symphony Orchestra; Kennedy Center Concert Hall; 8:30 pm; $8.50 – $1
Donal Leace; Mr. Henry's Georgetown

FILMS

Let It Be; Yellow Submarine, Help; Circle Theatre
Marjoe; Outer Circle 1
My Uncle Antoine; Outer Circle 2
Oh! Calcutta; Fine Arts Theatre
Slaughterhouse-Five; Cerberus 1 & 2

EVENTS

Last day of the MD State Fair; Timonium, MD
Lecture – Helicopter Canada; Dupont Theatre 10:30 am, free

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

MUSIC

Il Barbiere Di Siviglia (see Sept. 6)
Liz Meyer & White Lightening; Childe Harold
Folksingers (see Sept. 6)
Jackson Browne & David Blue (see Sept. 6)
B.J. Thomas (see Sept. 6)
The Marriage of Figaro; Wolf Trap; 8 pm $8 - $2.50
The Concord String Quartet; Kennedy Center Eisenhower Theatre; 7:30 pm, $7.50 - $1
New York Chamber Soloists; Kennedy Center Concert Hall 8:30 pm; $8.50 - $1
Donal Leace (see Sept. 6)

FILMS

Bedazzled & The Producers; Circle Theater
SEE SEPT. 6 for other features

EVENTS

International Folk Dancing; Chevy Chase Comm. Ctr. 8 -

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8

MUSIC

Juditha Triumphans (see Sept. 6)
Rod Stewart & Eagles; Balt. Civ. Ctr; 8 pm
Folksingers (see Sept. 6)
Jackson Browne (see Sept. 6)
B.J. Thomas (see Sept. 6)
Donal Leace (see Sept. 6)
Peace, Love, Blues & Bluegrass Festival w/ Doc Watson, Harmonica Frank Floyd; Bluegrass 45 + many others; Timberlake Country Park; Vienna-Oakton, VA
The Concord String Quartet (see Sept. 6)
Concert Under the Stars; Constellation Pier; MD 7:30 pm

FILMS

The Damned & Death in Venice; Circle Theatre
Marjoe (see Sept. 6)
My Uncle Antoine (see Sept. 6)
Oh! CAlcutta (see Sept. 6)
Slaughterhouse-Five (see Sept. 6)

EVENTS

"IF" Coffee House; 1313 NY Ave NW 9 pm - 1 am 543-7729
Walter Collier Memorial Sailing Regatta; Potomac River at Haines Point; 10 - 2 – free

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9

MUSIC

Folksingers (see Sept. 6)
Jackson Browne & David Blue (see Sept. 6)
B.J. Thomas (see Sept. 6)
Buddy Miles Band & Ginger Baker; Merriweather Post
The Marriage of Figaro (see Sept. 7)
Peace, Love, Blues & Blaugrass w/ Earl Scruggs Revue, Dillard Doc Watson + many others (see Sept. 8)
National Symphony Orchestra (see Sept 6)
Choral Arts Society Chamber Choir & Orchestra; Kennedy Center Concert Hall 3:00 pm
Donal Leace (see Sept. 6)
Van Cliburn; Takoma Academy Auditorium 270-9200

FILMS

SEE SEPT. 8

EVENTS

"IF" Coffee House (see Sept. 8)

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 10

MUSIC

Tabla Workshop w/ Badal Roy Choudury of the Mahavishnu Orchestra; House of Musical Tratitions 3 pm - donations
Hootenany; Brickskeller
Hootenany; Cellar Door
Peace, Love, Blues & Bluegrass w/ Doug Kershaw, John Hartford Sam Chatmon + many others (see Sept. 8)
Credence Clearwater Revival; Balt. Civ. Ctr; 8 pm

FILMS

SEE SEPT' 8

EVENTS

Scott St. Children's Comm. Open House [free school for ages 3 - 6] 1505 N. Scott St., Arlington, VA 544-6205
6th Annual Comm Happening; Area B Comm. Ctr, 1125 Spring Road, NW. Noon - 7 pm, free

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11

MUSIC

Janet Bratter; Brickseller
Folksingers (see Sept. 6)
Fats Domino; Stardust
Doc Watson & Dave Buskin; Cellar Door

FILMS

SEE SEPT. 8

EVENTS

"Mass Transid" poetry project including movies, special readings and the opportunity to read your own poetry; Comm. Bk Shop upstairs – 2028 P St. NW

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

MUSIC

Folksingers (see Sept. 6)
Fats Domino (see Sept. 11)
Doc Watson & Dave Buskin (see Sept. 11)
National Symphony Orchestra; Kennedy Center Concert Hall 8:30 pm – free, but if you want an assigned seat call 332–7770 and offer a donation.

FILMS

Sacco & Vanzetti and the Conformist; Circle Theatre
Marjoe (see Sept. 6)
My Uncle Antoine (see Sept. 6)
Oh! Calcutta (see Sept. 6)
Slaughterhouse–Five (see Sept. 6)

EVENTS

Lecture — "Hard Times in the Country" Enoch Pratt Library, Balto.
International Folk Dance Party; Dawson Terr. Recreational Ctr, 2133 No. Taft St., Arl., VA 8 pm

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13

MUSIC

Liz Meyer & White Lightening; Red Fox Inn
Folksingers (see Sept 6)
Fats Domino (see Sept. 11)
Donal Leace (see Sept. 6)
Doc Watson & Dave Buskin (see Sept. 11)

FILMS

SEE SEPT. 12

EVENTS

The Hullabaloo Election of Osbert or Jess; the Smithsonian Puppet Theater; 11, 12, 1
Ann Arundel County Fair, Sandy Point State Park
Lecture – The Postal Inspection Service & Mail Fraud; Dupont Theatre; 10:30 am – free

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

MUSIC

Liz Meyer & White Lightening; Childe Harold
Folksingers (see Sept. 6)
Fats Domino (see Sept. 11)
Doc Watson & Dave Buskin (see Sept. 11)
Donal Leace (see Sept. 6)

FILMS

SEE SEPT. 12

EVENTS

Hullabaloo Election of Osbert or Jess (see Sept. 13)
Anne Arundel County Fair (see Sept. 13)
Internat'l Folk Dancing (see Sept. 7)

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15

MUSIC

Liz Meyer & White Lightening (see Sept. 14)
Folksingers (see Sept. 6)
Fats Domino (see Sept. 11)
Doc Watson & Dave Buskin (see Sept. 11)
Rosalka (opera/ballet) Lisner Auditorium 8:30 pm free
Donal Leace (see Sept 6)
John Denver & Fat City; DAR Constitution Hall 8:30 pm $4.00 - $6.00

FILMS

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolfe & Prime of Miss Jean Brody Circle Theater
Marjoe (see Sept. 6)
My Uncle Antoine (see Sept. 6)
Oh! Calcutta (see Sept. 6)
Slaughterhouse–Five (see Sept. 6)

EVENTS

"IF" Coffee House (see Sept. 6)
Hullabaloo Election of Osbert or Jess (see Sept. 13)
Anne Arundel County Fair (see Sept. 13)

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

MUSIC

Leon Russell; U of MD, Cole Field House 8 pm, $6.50 - $4.50
Doc Watson (see Sept. 11)
Fats Domino (see Sept. 11)
Liz Meyer (see Sept. 14)
Donal Leace (see Sept. 6)
Rusalka (see Sept. 15)

FILMS

SEE SEPT. 15

EVENTS

"IF" Coffee House (see Sept. 8)
Hullabaloo Election of Osbert or Jess (see Sept. 13)
Lecture – Nencheno Baltimore & the Critics; Enoch Pratt Library, Balto.
Anne Arundel County Fiar (see Sept. 13)
Spanish Fiesta to celebrate Mex. Independence Day; Dawson Terrace Rec. Ctr. – Arl. 1 - 4 pm – free

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 17

MUSIC

Hootenanny; Brickskeller (
Hootenanny: Cellar Door
T Rex & the Doobie Bros. DAR Constitution Hall 7:30
Smokey Robinson; Balt. Civic Ctr; 8 pm

FILMS

SEE SEPT. 15

EVENTS

Hullabaloo Election of Osbert or Jess (see Sept. 13)
Last Day of the Anne Arundel Co. Fair (see Sept. 13)

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

MUSIC

Janet Bratter (see Sept. 11)
Jimmy Castor Bunch; Cellar Door
The Association; the Stardust

FILMS

SEE SEPT. 15

EVENTS

Mass Transit (see Sept. 11)

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

MUSIC

The Association; the Stardust
Jimmy Castor Bunch; Cellar Door

FILMS

Heart is a Lonely Hunter & Wait Until Dark; Circle Theater
Marjoe (see Sept. 6)
My Uncle Antoine (see Sept. 6)
Oh! Calcutta (see Sept 6)
Slaughterhouse-Five (see Sept. 6)

EVENTS

Lecture – "South America: Chile including Easter Island"; Mt. Pleasant Branch Library; 16th & Lamontt Sts NW 2 pm, free

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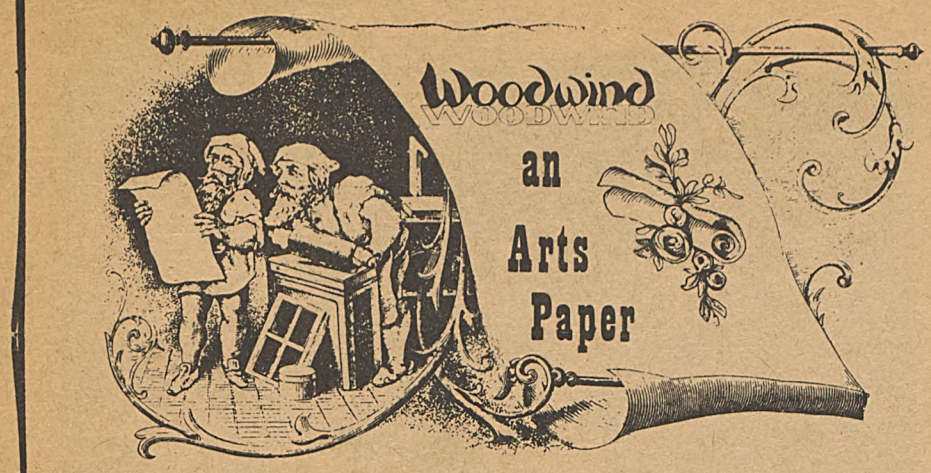

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SEPTEMBER 5, 1972

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Waxie Maxie's

VIENNA

Vienna Community Center
Vienna Music

McCLEAN

Lagnaf

LOEMAN'S PLAZA

Waxie Maxie's

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Md. Surf Shop
Empire Music
Music & Art

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Hair Revival
Rape of the Lock
Ecology Mart
Inner Module
Clip Joint
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Roth's Silver Spring East
Super Music City

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Brentano's
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Waxie Maxie's — Aspen Hill
Waxie Maxie's — Congressional Plaza
Variety Music — Montgomery Mall

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University of MD – Professional Sch
Johns Hopkins – Library
Towson State College – Library & SU
UMBC
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various stores

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Good Earth
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The Class Room
No Fish Today
Mary's
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Buddah's Den
70 East
5 West

SOUTH BALTIMORE

Evolution
Ledbedders (Fells Point)
Ruperts

EAST BALTIMORE

Involvement
Evolution
The Fly
East Point Shopping Center

WEST BALTIMORE

For The Record
Reistertown Tower
Westview Mall - various stores

ANNAPOLIS

Circle Theater
Annapolis Pottery
Hand Wrought Ornaments
Laurence Ltd.
St. John's College – Library

Huckster for the Almighty

MARJOE

By ALEX WARD

Marjoe Gortner has an open, friendly face and a quick smile which now belies a trace of weariness. He sits deep into his hotel-room couch, stretching his long legs out trying to make himself comfortable. His curly hair is down over his collar and he is wearing levis, a pair of fancy hand-stitched boots and a denim shirt with embroidered flowers on the front. He looks like anything but an erstwhile used-Lord salesman.

Marjoe's life story is well known now. It has been covered in such fine detail that he currently is challenging Billy Graham and Oral Roberts for the most famous slot in the evangelical league, and that's pretty ironic. Granted that Marjoe has spent a large portion of his 28 years as a huckster for the Almighty, but while he enjoyed to no end making the pitch, he never had any faith in the product.

"I guess I am happy things have turned out the way they have," Marjoe is explaining to a visitor. "The movie is a success and I've gotten exposure from it. Now I'm happy, but there were a lot of bad times."

Marjoe Gortner was weaned on a steady diet of hocus-pocus. At the age of three he was being force-fed sermons to memorize by his parents, evangelists themselves. At three and a half he was ordained a minister in the Church of the Old Time Faith. "At my ordination" he recalls, "I wore an outfit decorated with little winged angels. I was supposed to tell people that the Lord had appeared to me when I was in the bathtub and had told me to go out and preach his work. I was real cute, but I never believed any of that bullshit."

He later tried to get away from preaching. When he was 14 his parents had been experiencing marital difficulties and Marjoe took advantage of the situation long enough to split and try something else. He took up with the proverbial older woman for a spell in California, tried college, and worked as a barker at the beach. The need for money, however, drove him back to evangelism when he was in his early 20's.

Last summer, he decided to quit again. "I was at the point where I either had to go into preaching on a big time basis," he says, "or get out of it altogether. My name was getting well-known and I was attracting large crowds. I had two months of bookings scheduled for the late summer and I had made up my mind that when they were finished I was going to quit and study acting."

Before embarking on that final mission, Marjoe was in New York where he met and did a radio interview with Howard Smith, who writes the "Scenes" column for the Village Voice. Smith was overwhelmed by Marjoe's story and wanted to film him in action. Smith had never made a movie before, but he sold his idea to Xerox biggie Max Pavlesky, who put up the backing. He then enlisted fellow Voice writer Sara Kernochan to help with the direction and, along with a camera team, followed Marjoe down the yellow brick road and into the Bible Belt. Thus was begat "Marjoe" the movie. It shows, warts and all, a part of the face of America an awful lot of people probably didn't know – or didn't want to know – existed.

The film served to liberate Marjoe once and for all from the life he had been trying to shed for years. "Even though I'd decided to quit before the movie," he admits, "I might have gone back into preaching eventually if I'd needed a few pintos. It was always good, easy money." The movie has changed that. Marjoe's self-imposed expose is out front for all to see in the film; he readily admits to the sham he has been acting out, and unmasks pitched-tent revivalism for the shell game it is. Now there is no possibility of going back. "Are we gonna be around to film Marjoe's crucifixion when these people see this," asks one of the cameramen in a scene from the movie. "I suppose if I did go back to those places a few people would throw stones at me," says Marjoe, adjusting his posture on the couch.

Just how deep Marjoe Gortner's ties with evangelism were are painfully obvious in the first few minutes of the film. It opens with a clip of little Marjoe, aged four, regurgitating a sermon crammed into him by his mother, spreading his arms at the mention of Jesus, lunging forward when invoking the Holy Ghost. His movements seem unnatural, his words forced. He may be cute, and crowds may love him, but little Marjoe is scary. Next, there is another old clip from Paramount news showing Marjoe performing a wedding ceremony, straining his neck to look up at the participants, a sailor and his bride. Marjoe was four then too, and the wedding gig got him into "Ripley's Believe It or Not."

"That couple I married is divorced now," says Marjoe, a grin spreading across his face. "But they lasted for 12 years, which is pretty good nowadays." Asked what he thinks of those early films of himself, Marjoe just shakes his head, takes in a deep breath and says "Faaaaar out," very slowly, while exhaling. "Even when I was young," he says, "I never believed any of that stuff I was preaching, I knew it was all bullshit, but I was prompted into it. My mother wrote all the sermons, and I spent hours a day memorizing them. Once I got out in front of the people though, I really enjoyed myself. It was performing, and I like to perform.

"Sometimes, I would get part-way through one sermon and forget the ending. So I would just go right into the ending of another one. The two parts didn't go together, but it never made any difference. As long as I kept up the tempo, and acted as if I knew exactly what I was saying, that was all that mattered."

By the time little Marjoe got to be big Marjoe, his performances were finely honed, superb bits of acting that consistently reached boiling points of energy and excitement. "People at revival meetings come to expect a certain rhythm in their sermons," he says. "They need to hear it and feel it, and giving it to them requires pretty much the ultimate performance, I think."

If there is anything genuinely surprising about the movie, it's that Marjoe has emerged from an upbringing that can only be described as weird with his sanity and his sense of humor firmly intact. His intelligence is obvious; the fact that he has managed to hang on to the other attributes is somehow a credit to his resourcefulness.

"When I gave up preaching the first time," he explains, "I took advantage of it to get out and look around me. I've traveled a lot, made trips to Europe between my preaching engagements. I've looked into other cultures, studied Eastern philosophy, read the I Ching. They've all made an impression on me. Ten years ago I was angry, at my parents for what they did to me, and at myself. But all that's changed now. I don't feel badly toward anyone. I'm happy."

The film is edited so that scenes of Marjoe preaching Jesus to trembling, fainting, babbling throngs are juxtaposed with scenes of Marjoe coming clean to the cameras, saying how the whole thing is really a crock. It is certainly no joke to watch these folks doing their thing, they seem the pitiable victims of the worst kind of con-game. Yet they are hearing what they want to hear, feeling what they want to feel, and are dead-sure that doling out their hard-earned money to keep their favorite evangelist behind the wheel of this year's Cadillac will pay for their ticket to Eternal Happiness. Criticism of "Marjoe" on the grounds that it further suckered these vulnerable people does hold some water [at the Washington Screening Howard Smith said that the audiences at the meetings were told only that a movie of Marjoe's life was being made]; still, it was certainly necessary to show these meetings at their full fever pitch to catch all the energy and intensity. Having Marjoe blow the whistle on himself in front of these folk might have resulted in some great action shots of a tar-and-feathering, but that would have missed the point completely.

The only really cruel scene is one where Marjoe is explaining his preacher act at a hip New York gathering and a couple of girls around him respond by giggling idiotically. It's heartening to know we have such sensitivity among our avant-garde. Scenes like that won't go far in convincing the revivalists that Marjoe was the rule, not the exception, among their beloved preachers. And to my mind, it seemed important, to Marjoe at least, to get that point across.

"You know," he says now, "I am frankly tired of talking religion. I would like to go on with my life, become an actor and put all this behind me. I am not against religion – I believe in spirituality myself, that each person is a god within himself, not that there is one supreme being up there looking down on us all. But if I thought I could do any good, I would go back to the Bible circuit and try to reach the young kids at these meetings and tell them how it really is, how they should respond to their own feelings, and not fear being burned in Hell for it. I don't think there is much hope for the older people, they have been exposed to this kind of thing for too long. But there is still time for the younger ones.

"I tried to preach a social message once before, when I first got back into evangelism after being out for six or seven years. It wasn't successful though, it wasn't what the people wanted to hear, and my bookings dropped off. You've got to give them fire and brimstone and take their money. There is a direct correlation between the money you take in and how often you are invited back to a place to preach. Some of the preachers take four or five collections a night. I took only one. If a preacher doesn't drive a big car and wear nice clothes, then the folks will think God hasn't smiled on him, and they won't put any faith in him. They equate success with money and flashy material things. It's too bad people have to have something like that to believe in."

Towards the end of the movie, there's a scene where Marjoe and his girl friend are in a woods and Marjoe is doing his Jesus schtick for the benefit of a dog that wanders by. As Marjoe builds his tempo, the dog gets pretty excited, knowing it is going to be redeemed and all. Its tail is wagging and it is jumping around and Marjoe is exhorting the Holy Ghost to come down on its head. Finally, Marjoe embraces the pooch, laughing. The dog has been conned and is happy.

"If I hadn't had to preach that fire and damnation stuff," he says, "I might have stuck with it. I achieved a real level of satisfaction reaching people, moving them. But I just couldn't keep on being a flim-flam man, I would have had to preach what I believed. As it was, between services I would stay to myself in motel rooms because I didn't want anyone to discover what I really was like or how I felt. That was never easy."

Marjoe's plans now are to finish a book on his life for Harper & Row, and go on to an acting career. "Some film scripts have already started coming in," he says, "and I'm sifting through them. I really want to just act and get away from this. I'm kinda tired of it." Enrollment in acting school, which was on his agenda before he met Smith and Kernochan, seems a bit silly. Marjoe has always been in show biz, and he's more than proved he has talent. All he needs now is a legitimate role.

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FICTION

By JAMES BENNETT

Forest of Night

Master Wei removed the cellophane bag from his inside coat pocket and made a clicking sound with his mouth. The swans had already converged in front of him, necks straining toward the familiar stocky figure tossing bread crumbs on the water. He watched them wriggle in and out amongst each other, pecking at the still floating bits of bread. A late arrival glided in towards the group, its proud head and long-stemmed neck elegantly curving into a soft, white-feathered belly. Master Wei searched his pockets but the swan would not wait, turning away contemptuously. The others remained clustered at the edge of the concrete, occasionally dunking their heads for the pieces sinking to the bottom. Master Wei stood watching the solitary swan withdraw across the pond, its heavy white wings camoflaged in the contour of its powerful body. He was thinking of the young man again and of the concealed strength in his neck and arms.

"Hey, Charley!" a voice shouted from behind.

Master Wei turned. It was the Groundskeeper.

"Keep feedin' the ducks and old Tony's gonna get jealous."

He stabbed a gum wrapper with the nail-tipped pole, emptying it into the burlap sack strapped at his waist.

Master Wei grinned. "Yes. You are right."

The Groundskeeper shifted the weight of the sack on his hip. "You headin' up toward the cages then?"

Farther down the pond a small boy holding onto his mother's hand had emptied a box of popcorn into the water. The swans were already moving down in his direction.

Master Wei smiled. "Not today. I must work."

The Groundskeeper made a quick baton-twirl with the pole.

"Suit yourself." He started across the grass strip paralleling the main walkway, calling back over his shoulder. "See you Tuesday then."

Master Wei had noticed how the lone swan had hurriedly crossed the pond, scooting in just ahead of the group and begun pecking violently at the widening circle of popcorn. The others had joined in cautiously.

The afternoon trolley across the city had met with heavy traffic and as Master Wei jumped off at McDougal Avenue he could see his students waiting outside the dojo, their travel bags lined up along the building. This was the Thursday evening class, the Americans who had trained under him for three years and longer. All stiffened as he approached, performing the ceremonial bow in his honor.

"I must apologize for your inconvenience," said Master Wei, stepping up to the locked door. "Has everyone arrived?"

The highest ranked would speak for the class.

"Everyone but Hair," said a tall, lumbering young man with black-rimmed glasses.

Master Wei nodded, holding the door open as his students filed past him, bowing briefly before entering the dojo. He had detected the same hostility reflected in the voice of the highest ranked belt as in the lowest. The young man Hair had been disliked from his first day.

Master Wei waited as the Americans undressed and noted the clumsy strength exhibited in their gestures. They were simple and forceful in their movements but without beauty or grace in their limbs. The art would die with him for the Americans could be trained in nothing more than the mechanics. There would be no one to inherit the spirit. This he had sensed from the beginning but now there was an uneasy feeling whenever he made himself think of his forgotten hope.

The young man Hair arrived just after the warm-up exercises had been completed and undressed alone at the rear of the dojo. Master Wei continued into the first coda, glancing back once to allow the young man to express his apology with a smile. Instead, he moved into the back row without acknowledging the Master and immediately fixed his eyes on an imaginary point in space.

After kumitai the front row turned and faced those behind them for arm-rubbing and pounding. By coming late and positioning himself at the end of the back row, Hair had been matched with the tall, heavy young man in glasses, the only fourth degree black belt in the class. Master Wei signalled to begin by clapping his hands and the two lines moved in towards one another, their white cotton geis rolled up to the elbow. The class concluded with a second advanced coda and then the ceremonial bow to the portrait of Master Uechi resting on the ledge of the dojo's single window.

Master Wei did not think of the young man again until he jumped off the trolley and started up the small hill toward the street on which he had lived since leaving the Mainland twelve years before. In all that time this had been his first Oriental student. The Americans had referred to him among themselves as "Hair" for the way he wore a red cloth band around his head. They did not know his real name. He would not speak to anyone. The six monthly checks Master Wei had received from him were all signed "Chiang Chul." He had come to the dojo already an advanced black belt and had said nothing more than that he wished to study under "the great Master Wei." Those had been his exact words and Master Wei recalled them now with the same uneasiness he always experienced in the young man's presence. He knew nothing more about him than the others.

On Tuesday Master Wei circled the pond without stopping to feed the swans and climbed the concrete steps up to where the caged animals were shown. It was still too early for the school children and the animals were lying down with their paws crossed under them, half asleep. The last cage had been emptied and the Groundskeeper was hosing down the concrete.

"Come to see Tony?" he said, spotting Master Wei through the heavy wire meshings.

Master Wei rested his hands on the bar rail. "Yes. Today I see the tigers."

The Groundskeeper bent down holding the hose close to the bars for several seconds and then turned the nozzle until the water was completely shut off. Picking up the burlap sack at his feet, he pulled the hose out after him, carefully double-locking the gate and then moving around to the front of the cage with a staff-shaped metal rod. He stuck the rod in through the meshing, unlocking the small gate to the adjoining cage. The sound had brought the two lounging tigers over to investigate as the Groundskeeper began turning the outside wheel that raised the gate through a series of overhead pulleys. As the smaller tiger squeezed through the partial opening the Groundskeeper quickly reversed the direction of the wheel, sealing off the two cages once more. The larger tiger pawed at the meshing for a while and then retreated to the slab of rock, folding his legs up under him to sleep.

"Pretty but dumb," the Groundskeeper said after tossing the burlap sack into a large burner-barrel behind the cages.

"They are most beautiful," said Master Wei.

The Groundskeeper ducked down under the railing, coming up beside Master Wei. "Let's see what Tony is up to."

They walked down to the end cage containing the zoo's only Asian-bred tiger. It was pacing, its padded paws silent on the concrete.

"He's been looking uptight lately," the Groundskeeper said, leaning one elbow on the railing. "Probably the brats been throwing peanuts at him again."

Master Wei could feel his heart begin to race. He was thinking of the young man as he watched the animal pacing.

"Yeah, the bugger's bothered about something," the Groundskeeper said finally, shaking his head.

Master Wei suddenly turned away from the cage. "I must be going."

The Groundskeeper followed after him. "Listen," he said, "I'll go down as far as the pond."

Master Wei would have preferred to walk alone but he smiled, nodding.

At the bottom of the steps leading down from the cages the Groundskeeper looked out toward the water.

"Did I tell you about the swan?" he said. "Found one floating near the band yesterday, its neck snapped."

Master Wei remained silent.

"Probably one of the kids again," the Groundskeeper continued. "But it's strange because the birds always stay clear of the kids when they got anything but popcorn in their hands."

They were alongside the pond.

"There was no cut?" said Master Wei.

The Groundskeeper had stopped walking. "Just a bruise." He gestured with his fist. "About the size of a knuckle."

"The other swans," suggested Master Wei. "Perhaps a fight."

"No chance." The Groundskeeper shook his head. "This was the biggest baby of the lot. The other birds wouldn't of touched him with a meat hook."

Waiting for the others to dress that evening, Master Wei was informed by one of the brown belts that his highest ranked student had been injured in class the previous week, his forearm broken in two places just below the elbow. As they prepared for class the young man Hair pretended not to hear the others' intentionally loud whispers. In place of arm-rubbing and pounding, Master Wei conducted twenty minutes of hand and finger exercises.

"You must sweep the palms as the swan sweeps his wings," said Master Wei and he glanced at the young man Hair who continued to stare past him, his own hands gracefully sweeping back and forth in a concentrated, monotonous rhythm.

Master Wei did not take the trolley home that night and instead walked the three miles cutting across the open zoo grounds. There was no moon and the stars could not be seen behind the heavy clouds. The pond was still and black and there were no reflections. Master Wei began to suspect sounds coming from behind him and once stopped completely to listen to what seemed a sharp, painful growl echo down the concrete steps from the tiger cages in the distance. Emerging from the opposite end of the grounds, he was relieved to see once more the lighted streets of the city.

It was after ten when Master Wei unlocked the door to his ground-level tenement room. The long walk had increased his appetite and he cooked rice and fish heads on the small hibachi, eating rapidly, scooping the rice directely into his mouth from the bowl. Lifting the last bit of fish head up with the chopsticks, he saw the tiny button eye staring at him and the dish dropped from his hand, shattering on the tile floor. Several minutes passed before Master Wei rose from the chair, pulling the light string above the table. He stood in the living room looking at the crossed samurai swords above the imitation fireplace. The eye of the fish had made him think of the young man Hair.

The following week Master Wei was told that the injured student would never be able to practice the martial art again. The doctor had been unable to deal effectively with the unusual severity of the fractured forearm. At the conclusion of the class Master Wei offered a brief prayer to Daruma asking the Monk's protection and healing powers. As he raised his forehead from the wooden floor, Master Wei saw the young man Hair staring coldly at him, his the only head unbowed.

That evening Master Wei removed the album from the metal strong box stored in the closet. He saw himself again seated on the small wooden stool beside his archly posed mother, his father stolid and uncomfortable behind him. Master Wei flipped through the many stained, now faded photographs to his prised portrait of the Somakai Dojo. There, seated cross-legged in the front row, surrounded by his respectful students, he looked once more upon the great Master Weong Chul and then to the back row where staring past the others at a fixed point in space Master Wei saw himself at the same age as the young man Hair. He closed the album and repeated the words the Master had spoken to him that day. "Daruma will soon be with you," he had said and the young man Chin Wei had prayed that night and in the morning the old Master was dead. Now he drew his hand up from the album, curling the aging fingers into a tiger's paw but the thumb was too stiff and would not lie flat against the palm.

On Thursday the young man Hair did not attend class and the Americans seemed more relaxed in his absence, joking and talking happily among themselves. Master Wei watched them closely in their codas and corrected them if their elbows did not tuck in to protect the vulnerable ribs.

"You must keep the muscles tight," he instructed.

They performed con chin rigidly, their heels and toes coming down flatly on the polished pine floor.

"Not as the bear," the Master corrected them, "as the lion."

But there was no grace in their movements, no swift sureness to their side thrusts, all heavy, lumbering directness. The young man possessed this animal stealth and Master Wei had detected it from the first day he had watched him move effortlessly through the codas, his thighs taut and protective, his shoulders back and drawn down. In sparring the others would glance across to observe the crippling power of his heel-kicks crack into the makira board. They would pair off to avoid him in any contests.

Master Wei conducted a long session that evening, the brown belts reviewing kumitai. After closing up the dojo it was too late to catch the trolley and he decided against waiting for the bus. Crossing the square he thought of the young man and wondered if he would return to the dojo. There was little traffic and the overcast sky promised rain. The zoo was already closed when Master Wei circled the pond. As he passed by the lower steps leading up to the cages someone called his name and he stopped. A dark figure moved down the steps. The overhead lights were off and Master Wei did not recognize the Groundskeeper until he was only yards away.

"Miss the trolley?" he said.

Master Wei nodded, looking down at the shiny object in his hand.

The Groundskeeper raised the flashlight, tapping it against his chin. "We got problems, Charley."

Master Wei stood still.

"Old Tony's. . ." The Groundskeeper paused. "Tony's dead."

Master Wei looked down slowly. His hand was trembling.

"Haven't the damndest idea how," the Groundskeeper was saying. "The Vet thinks it was something in the meat but I don't know."

"The tiger is dead?" Master Wei said finally.

"That's right, Charley." The Groundskeeper zipped up the front of his windbreaker, tucking the flashlight under his armpit. "Only I don't think it was in the meat."

Master Wei could feel his palms moisten and the chill of the night breeze.

"Someone's been messing with the locks," the Groundskeeper said. "Last Thursday. Probably late."

Master Wei recalled the sound that had startled him as he passed by the cages after class the previous week.

"No marks?" he asked. "The tiger was not cut?"

The Groundskeeper shook his head.

"Nothing he couldn't of picked up from his buddy." He stuck the flashlight in his back pocket. "Some small bruises."

Master Wei's heart was pounding. He curled his fingers into the center of his palm.

"But that's probably the brats again." the Groundskeeper said. "The Vet's gonna bring us the report Saturday. They got me playing night guard till then."

Master Wei glanced up. "I must be going."

It was quiet for a moment.

"I had a feeling something was funny," the Groundskeeper said. "You can always tell with animals."

The streets were deserted. People were staying in expecting rain. Master Wei walked quickly, his heart beating faster as he pace quickened. Most of the overhead lights were gray and empty, the large bulbs shattered by rocks. Once he had jumped back off the curb as a cat scurried out from under an abandoned car. Turning onto Searle Avenue Master Wei could see his tenement silhouetted at the top of the hill against the darkening sky. Inside his room he double-locked the door, drawing the rusted chain up onto the bolt. Later, dressing for bed, he had heard something outside the window but the wind had started up. It had probably been the trash barrels in the alley. In the kitchen Master Wei fixed tea. On the shelf beside the pantry he saw the fish head wrapped in cellophane he had forgotten to put in the icebox that morning. The silvery scales had taken on a dull hue and he stood for a moment staring at the flat blank eye of the dead fish. Master Wei could feel his pulse begin to throb in his throat. Crossing into the living room he glanced at the small chain looped across the bold and then sat down with the evening paper.

On the second page Master Wei found the story. There were two short columns. The veterinarian had been "unable to detect any poison in the blood stream" but "a fuller report would be forthcoming." The city would have to spend several thousand dollars to replace the animal and the Parks Com-

Continued on Page 14

PERFORMANCE

THE PATRICK PEARSE MOTEL
Olney Theatre

By JAY ALAN QUANTRILL

The Olney Theatre has just opened the American premiere production of Hugh Leonard's THE PATRICK PEARSE MOTEL. It's a sex farce a la Francais set in a fashionable section of the Dublin suburbs. It is billed as a hit of the Dublin Theatre season a while back which, to my mind, says more about Dublin theatre-goers than about Hugh Leonard's play. What I mean is that this is a play which presents some laughs based on the usual in-and-out-of-doors, hiding in closets, my-zipper-is-stuck, kind of schtick that never fails. But the contributions of the author – other than merely managing fairly well what others before him have managed expertly – is to add a couple of good one-liners, a few witty observations, and a lot of dull talk.

What, you may ask, is wrong with a harmless piece of theatrical fluff that offers a few laughs for a summer's eve? Does it have to be great theatre? Does it have to be the best? My answer to that is a resounding no!! It doesn't have to be! There is really nothing to be ashamed of in THE PATRICK PEARSE MOTEL. It's just that you can see material just as good on the television. At least I think you can. Have they done away with the Dick Van Dyke re-runs yet? But why go to the theatre to see a cast made up of competent (for the most part) actors plummelling through the paces of a second rate piece of boob tube insanity?

Well, the chance to see Patrick Bedford, who played in 1779 at the National earlier this summer, and Richard Bauer from Arena Stage, and Gerald Seymonds, Sidney Walker and Pauline Flanagan, who gets my vote for the best performance of the show. . . these may be reasons to see the show. Halo Wines certainly isn't; her interpretation of the central female looks more like an impersonation of Germaine Greer than a femme fatale, as she brings her usual harsh brand of catterwalling to the stage, much as she did in THE LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS at the Wayside Theatre earlier this season. Even the sets looked like TV rejects. . . . Oh, well.

UNDER THE YUM YUM TREE
Hayloft Dinner Theatre

Lawrence Roman's UNDER THE YUM YUM TREE is another one of those Broadway sex comedies from the early sixties. It's got the usual ingredients of boys and girls and men and women, problems of relationships and a slight, ever so slight, intellectual twist to lend some kind of credence to the whole project. Here's how it goes: the landlord's a lech, one of the tenents he's been a-leching is going away for a few weeks and gives her apartment over to a friend's college-age daughter, this college-age lovely invites her fiance to live in said apartment with her. Now here comes the twist: in order to discover whether or not her attraction for her fiance is real love or merely sex, she requires that their room-mating be strictly platonic. Needless to say, there are some neat little sequences particularly since the bedroom is nothing more than an alcove separated from the living room by some filmy curtains, thus making a complete separation of interested parties impossible.

The author handles the situation and its attendant ramifications with a certain aplomb, but never seems to get below the surface of the humor. The characters are about as sketchy as you can get away with, being merely obvious enough to serve the plot. And for the rest, the script merely serves as a point of departure which excellent comedians could flesh out, fill in the gaps, and pull together into an evening's entertainment.

The Hayloft Dinner Theater out in Manassas is currently involved in a production of UNDER THE YUM YUM TREE and I'm sorry to have to say that the casting of the show leaves much to be desired. Actually, only Steve Johnson as the fiance that'll try anything for love of his girl comes across as a believable character. Jeanne Ann Kane, playing the older of the two females, tries hard to make something out of nothing; but again, as so often happens, she is given the weakest of all roles. At least she does make an attempt at being somebody though. The other performers, mainly the lech and the kookie little girl, fail quite miserably in bringing to life the cardboard characters they are given; and, in fact, succeed in making their roles drier and flatter and stiffer and emptier than a cardboard box.

As usual at the Hayloft, the lighting is inadequate. I don't know whether it's a problem of insufficient power or incompetent artistry, but the shadows, the dim areas, and the imbalance of the intensity of the lights is unforgivable in a professional company. The setting is rather well designed, but the improper use of scrim in one area makes the whole thing look amateurish.

UNDER THE YUM YUM TREE at the Hayloft is certainly nothing to get excited about, but then if you don't mind a few boring passages in an evening of passable fun, it might be worth looking into.

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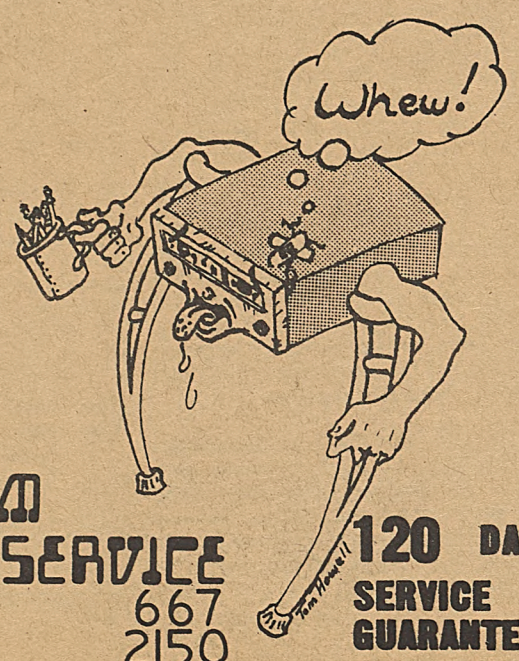

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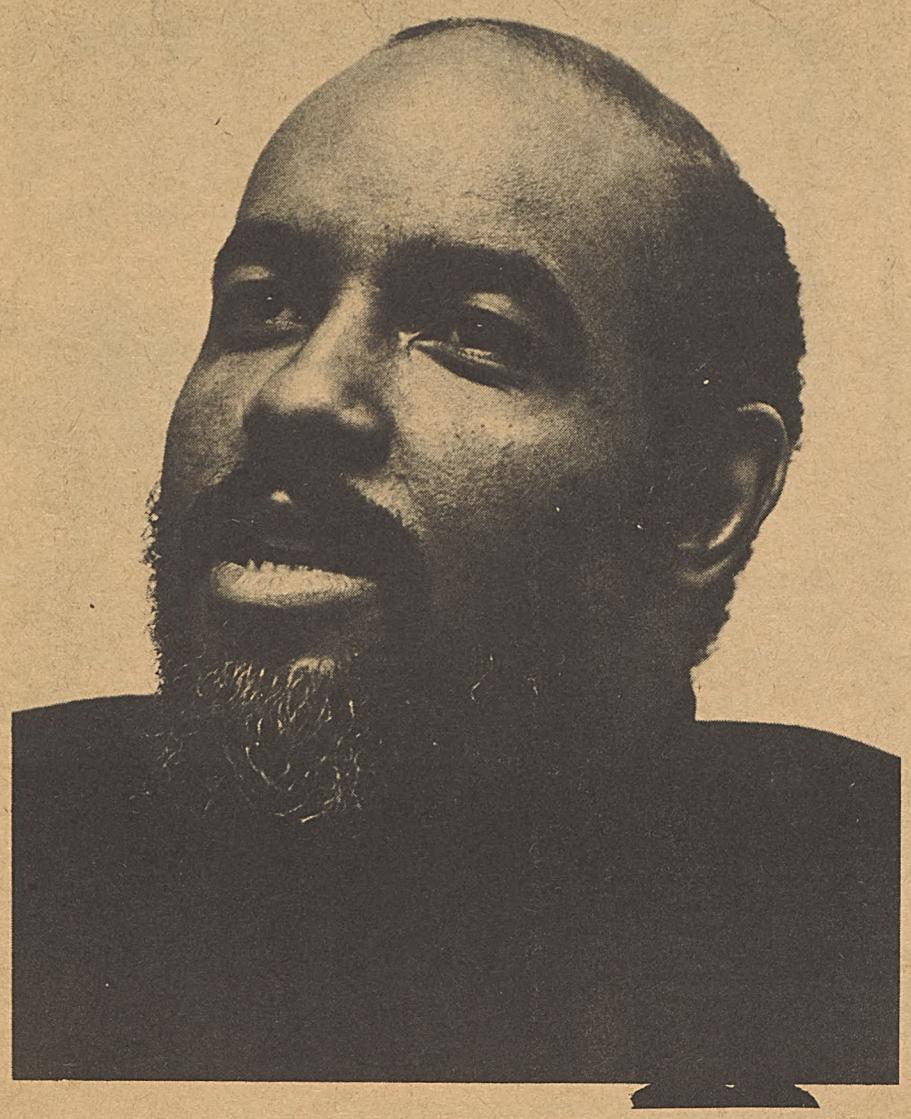

James DePriest: Guts

By LOUIS C. FANTASIA

The one thing you have to say about James DePriest is that he has guts. Somehow creativity, organization, and pure talent (all of which DePriest has in abundance) seem to be dwarfed by the solid feeling of gutsiness the first time the man talks to you.

The first time the man talked to me was in the suite of the Watergate Hotel, the afternoon of his second all Mozart concert. On just a couple of hours notice, David Klapp of the National Symphony had arranged for the interview, and I must admit that I walked in pretty cold.

I was greeted at the door by Mrs. DePriest, who is a charming, diminuitive woman who met her husband while she was his therapist at the rehabilitation ward of the hospital. DePriest was hit by polio in 1962. Guts item Number One.

She told me her husband was resting but that he would see me. I was led to the bedroom where DePriest was lying shirtless under the rich Watergate sheets. A chair had been placed by the foot of the bed for me and my immediate impression was that Louis XIV had consented to see me. That rather silly idea was quickly dispelled as James DePriest lifted himself up to shake hands: this massive pair of arms and shoulders, topped by a bald head with a beard came towards me. He could have easily been a fullback for the Packers.

We quickly settled into conversation rather than interview. DePriest came by conducting by accident. A pre-law student at the University of Pennsylvania, he had worked around as a jazz drummer and later as a pianist, with various school-type organizations. Later, it turned out, we had the similar experience of being impressarios as well as conductors. I had to laugh as DePriest told of setting up chairs before a concert, rehearsing with half the players missing, counting heads at the gate to see if the boys would get paid, and finally, calling his mother to help pay the bills.

Along with drumming and such, DePriest tried his hand at arranging for various size jazz ensembles, and with considerable success it seems, because he ultimately got himself sent to the Near and Far East for a tour with a great Asian jazz band or two.

Well, like the jokes currently making the rounds, there was some good news and some bad news. The good news, in twenty five words or less, was that there really wasn't a great Asian jazz band like the State Department said there was. This was good news because while he was sitting in Bangkok with nothing to do, some one asked James DePriest if he would like to rehearse the Thailand Symphony. This was in 1962, and it was the first time James DePriest had conducted classical music. Guts item Number Two.

Guts item Number Three: James DePriest decided to become a conductor at the time most boys were getting out of law school.

And now for the bad news, invited back to Thailand a year later for a prolonged guest conducting stint, DePriest was stricken with polio. The time spent in bed, recovering his strength, gave him more than enough time to cover his tracks with the scores of the standard repetoire that most kids learn in Conducting I.

In a very short time DePriest had made a major career decision, had been stricken with a disease that would have stopped half the people who tried that career, and had gotten married. Guts item Number Four: he wrote a letter to Leonard Bernstein.

Bernstein advised DePriest to enter the Mitropoulis Conducting Competitions and see if he had what it took to cut the mustard. James DePriest finished in the semi-finals, along with a bunch of other guys who are out in the boondocks with the East Podunk Civic Symphony. DePriest had a choice to make: 1) give it all up; 2) admit that while you weren't a great conductor, you did make it to the semi-'s, which is more than a lot of guys do; or 3) come back and try again.

The problem with option number three is that if you come back, you had better win.

In 1964 DePriest won.

The problem with winning is that it doesn't feed the wife and kids. A year as Bernstein's assistant, a couple of guest shots, but still no five figure contracts or such. A few letters to a few friends and the gutsy item Number Five: pack up the bags and move to Europe and live on five dollars a day until the BIG BREAK comes.

Fortunately for us, the breaks came before the rent money ran out. A couple of guest-appearances with the Rotterdam Philharmonic and an invitation by Antal Dorati (who was on of the judges at the Mitropoulos Competitions) to come north and conduct the Stockholm orchestra. A couple of good European reviews of European debuts (which only goes to show how stupid American critics and managers are; that they won't take a home grown talent unless he's starved in Sicily) and DePriest was – finally – on his way to Washington.

As music director of this summer season with the National Symphony, his goal was to present standard repetoire to new audiences, to keep the symphonic tradition alive; not by gimmicks, but by honest performances. . . something that happens rarely enough during the real season.

The best way to judge how a man talks is by what he does. DePriest talks a good game: witty, articulate, urbane and scholarly, he shows all the good American conductor signs. Bring in young audiences, plan a better music-in-the-schools program, reach out into the ghetto for players and listeners, play a lot of American music.

When you get through all the talk, you get to guts item Number Six: can the man conduct?

The answer is a resounding yes.

With enthusiasm, sensitivity and good taste and technique, DePriest led the NSO in an all Mozart program that showed us all why Mozart is the only complete entity in the world of music. Everything is there: humor, tragedy, compassion, love and hate, combed through with infinite care and craft.

DePriest and the orchestra were lucky in having Giuseppe La Licata as the pianist for the Concerto No. 20 in D-minor. Watching and listening to this young artist was like watching a glass blower make lovely shapes out of the air. It was amazing.

The appointment of James DePriest as associate conductor of the NSO shows great planning and potential in the development of a truly national symphony.

After the hour had passed, and the formal interview was over, we chatted for a bit on conducting and such. One thing we talked about was opera. At that time I was just into all-day rehearsals for Georgetown's recent production of La Boheme and I was curious what opera he would like to conduct.

Opera doesn't thrill James DePriest, but, he said, when he gets to be about fifty, he'd like to conduct Don Giovanni.

I'd like to be there.

LONGHAIR

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC AT WOLF TRAP

By SUSAN COHN

The New York Philharmonic's opening concert at Wolf Trap on August 19 was super!! Erich Leinsdorf was the conductor (his name is usually associated with Boston), and while the program was almost solely late Romantic, the interpretations were sensitive and so there was none of the tedious sameness in the performance.

Leinsdorf, a look-alike for Henry Mancini, bounded on stage and led the orchestra in a spirited reading of Mozart's "Overture to The Marriage of Figaro," K. 492. So what if the entire complement of the symphony played – it sounded fine even though not too meticulous. It always is pleasant for an orchestra to open with a short piece: those blasted late-comers are not tempted to trample toes during the music, but are inclined to wait until the break.

The highlight of the first half was the Liszt Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 1, E-flat major, with Jorge Bolet as the soloist. Bolet, a gigantic man, is a Liszt specialist; in fact, he recorded the soundtrack for the film biography of Liszt, SONG WITHOUT END. Pianos usually get lost in the acoustics of Wolf Trap, but Bolet's talent enabled the piano sound to have more than a fighting chance. The concerto itself is an epitome of late Romantic bombastic style, almost a parody of itself. The four movements are played without pause and it is a surprisingly short work: the opening dialogue between piano and orchestra, with cadenza-like passages for the piano, is really an entire movement, and not an introduction as it seems. Bolet and the Philharmonic did a fine job capturing the flavor of the piece, and Leinsdorf conducted with a fine gesture, a large, pendulum sweep of his arms that was to prove perfect to capture Mahler's essence.

Mahler's Fifth Symphony in C-sharp is a mammoth piece, five movements usually sectioned in three parts. Aside from the opening bars, a trumpet and cymbals fanfare which sounds out of place for a funeral march, the entire work is quite thrilling. Leinsdorf, who conducted from memory, kept the massive work clear, yet no amount of Romantic sensibility was sacrificed.

Saturday night so many planes flew over, it sounded as if the anti-Hassan forces were trying to sabotage Wolf Trap. Of course, these planes must disrupt only sensitive pianissimo passages; can't something be done, short of planting an anti-aircraft gun on the grounds? Airplanes aside, nothing could destroy the beauty and joy of the concert. High quality is always welcome, especially since recently listeners have been much abused.

The Chamber Ensemble of the United States Marine Band has the right idea, but unfortunately, at their performance August 21 at the Pan-American Union, some things just didn't work out. The ensemble is "composed of members and friends of the Band who are aware of the importance of presenting the smaller ensemble repetoire to the public." Right on!

The performance was generally technically correct, but rather non-spontaneous or sparkling. The program opened with Stravinsky's "Eight Instrumental Miniatures for fifteen players," a collection of economical pieces in a folk style reminiscent of his writings from the twenties. The work could be fun, a chamber Rite of Spring perhaps, but it was dull – I started counting the number of repeats of each pattern in the ostinatos which were too obvious. "Choros N. 7" by Villa-Lobos did not suffer as much as the Stravinsky, but neither it nor Surinach's "Ritmo Jondo" had as much snap and personality as they should have had.

The real problem of the evening was with "Facade" ("an entertainment with poems by Edith Sitwell"), a 50-year-old piece played to celebrate William Walton's 70th birthday. The music was fun, somewhat similar to the Barber piece the Harkness Ballet used for its Cannes hotel comedy, and is full of the spirit of the '20's. Poems are read throughout this lengthy "entertainment," and Monday night's readers had no success. Their voices were amplified we assume as we saw the reciters holding mikes, but except for a word here and there, everything was unintelligible, drowned out by the instruments. The effect became annoying, like hearing a radio station suffering interference from a far-away, all-news station.

But the Ensemble has a good basic idea. Will someone please read Emotion and Meaning in Music before the next performance? (And check the audio system.)

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Around Da Town

A Classy Show Biz Column

By T. Tabasco Tattle

Those who know the music of the incredible FLORA MOLTON, who for years has sung her gospel blues on the street at 7th and G Sts. (across from the Hecht Co.), there is a single record available. Although it features a gospel group in the background rather than her great steel guitar playing, the version of "Heard It Through The True Vine" is just fine.

The record can be purchased by writing c/o 460 Neal St. NW, Washington, DC. I'm not sure how many are available, since it has been out for a while.

In case you've been wondering, Post rock critic TOM ZITO is on vacation in Europe. La-dee-da!

Richard Greene has left SEA TRAIN. We heard it first. . . in fact, before Sea Train's manager did. But we decided not to fiddle around with the news.

Remember BOBBY HOWARD, the veteran Washington rock singer (British Walkers, et al.) who transmogrified into one Mordacai Jones last year and did a well-received album for Polydor Records? Yeah, well what's happened to him? Where is he? And for that matter, where is LINK WRAY?

Here's a band to catch if you haven't already: THE OCTAGON, which has its home base at the Black Greco downtown. For sheer musicianship, this horn band is extraordinary.

Our roving correspondent, Mary Chancellor, now in Switzerland, filed this report recently from Miami:

"At the airport, I was surrounded by people that were obviously Republican conventioneers. Except for one guy, very freaky and suspicious.

"He came up to a photographer, who was evidently taking shots of Republicans, and asked him 'Hey, maann, what kind of camera is that?' and the photographer got very uptight and tongue-tied, but managed to reply, 'It's a Nikon.'

"The freak kept on, saying, 'I know that, maaann; I mean what kind of Nikon?' He was very outgoing and very visible in that kind of crowd.

"Next he got one of the plane officials and said 'I want this man to sit next to me. Tell him CARLOS SANTANA said so. And the official told the photographer.

"During the plane ride Santana was a big hit with the stewardesses. Very entertaining. They fed him several meals and at one point, a stewardess came up to me and whispered: 'Mr. Santana is giving autographs, so if you want one, just walk on back, and he'll be glad to give you one.' "

Ms Chancellor could give no reason why Santana was so enthused by photographers, cameras, or Republicans.

To the female singer who does the "hep" Woodies ad – the one where she does a blood-curdling Carole King parody, singing "Bee-yeww-tee iz in dee ahhh of dee bee-holdahhh" —— the following awards:

1.) The H.L. Mencken Never-Overestimate-the-Good-Taste-of-an-American Award.

2.) The Annual Sears Revolution What-Makes-Sammy-Run? Cartridge Belt.

3.) A Golden Un-Cola Trophy.

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AT THE MOVIES

Review by KIRK CHEYFITZ

SLAUGHTERHOUSE–FIVE

SLAUGHTERHOUSE–FIVE, both the book, written by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., and the movie, directed by George Roy Hill, are about Billy Pilgrim

In the war he is a chaplain's assistant, not an optometrist. He is captured by the Germans and sent to work in a labor detail in Dresden. While there he survives the Allied firebombing of Dresden by going, as ordered, to the cold storage rooms beneath a slaughterhouse. The number of the slaughterhouse is number five. After the war he goes home. He marries his boss's daughter and becomes rich (or at least well-to-do). They have children. His wife is killed in an accident. His boss is killed in an accident. Accidentally, Billy survives again.

Somewhere in this long and arduous life Billy Pilgrim is contacted by the inhabitants of the distant planet Tralfamadore. The Tralfamadorians do not view time as we do. They are "unstuck in time." They unstick Billy.

The Tralfamadorians can see each moment in time – from the very first moment to the very last moment – all at once. Each separate moment in time has a life of its own for them. Each moment, for a Tralfamadorian, always has existed and always will exist just as it is. The beginning and the end of things are co-existent on Tralfamadore and so is everything in between. The Tralfamadorians are never sad. They ignore all the bad moments like the ends of things, and concentrate on all the good ones, like the beginnings of things. They teach Billy to do the same. After that, Billy is never sad either. At least not for more than a moment.

The movie is worth going to see even though it falls victim to itself on occasion. The timeless nature of the narrative, unbounded by the convention of any very strict relationship among the past, present and future, opens the way for a rather formless collage that, no matter how well filmed or acted, succeeds occasionally in confusing more people than it enlightens or entertains.

It definitely helps to have read (and enjoyed) the book.]WARNING: If you read the book and didn't like it, DON'T GO TO THE MOVIE. The movie is very much like the book. So stay away and save your money.] Forewarned, in this case, is indeed forearmed Equipped with the knowledge of what is "really going on," you will spend less time fighting to figure out what the film would have looked like (or meant) if it had been arranged to mimic real time, and more time just sitting back and taking it all in.

But whether you have read the book or not, scenes like the one of the automobile driven by Billy's wife, racing insanely toward the hospital where Billy lies stricken after a plane crash, will still make their impact. This particular scene is one of the best of the "car chase" genre in any film, including THE FRENCH CONNECTION and BULLITT. It is made even better when you realize that no one is chasing anyone. It's a classic solo act.

Throughout, Hill guides the action with the cool detachment of a Tralfamadorian: disasters seem to occur in another world while joyous events are made immediate and compelling.

That's what this review says. But this is only one review. There are others. One of the others was written by Gary Arnold. Gary Arnold makes his living writing film criticism for The Washington Post. Usually he does a great job. The Post published Gary Arnold's review of SLAUGHTER–HOUSE–FIVE on Tuesday, August 29.

Gary Arnold says that the movie is not worth seeing. He calls it ". . . irritating. . . misbegotten and insensitive. . ."

Gary Arnold says that the firebombing of Dresden during World War II is the "climatic [sic] sequence" of the film. He also says that, as such, it "fizzles" and that the director inadequately prepares for this climax.

Gary Arnold says that, "It is easy for film directors to become a bit short-sighted.

Later on, Gary Arnold says that he does not like the face of the star of the movie, Michael Sacks. Gary Arnold says that Sack's face is "an unfortunate cross of Tommy Smothers with Max Von Sydow."

Finally, Gary Arnold says that he did not like the book.

Remember what the warning says? If Gary Arnold had read this review he would have stayed away and saved his money. So it goes.

Gary Arnold doesn't mean that the movie was "irritating." He means that, for him, it is a bad moment. The Tralfamadorians say that he shouldn't have written about it. They say he should have ignored it. Buy maybe he was just a little short-sighted. For a moment he lost sight of all the movies he does like.

If Gary Arnold had watched sympathetically, he would have seen that the firebombing of Dresden is not the "climatic" sequence in the movie. It is not even the climactic sequence in the movie. It is the depictation of just another bad moment. Just like, for the Tralfamadorians, the end of the entire universe is just another bad moment. The climax of the movie comes at the end of the movie when a baby is born to Billy and his beautiful lover on Tralfamadore. To mark the moment as a climax the Tralfamadorians even light up the galaxy with fireworks.

Finally, Gary Arnold should take another ook at the faces of Tommy Smothers and Max Von Sydow. Can any cross between them really be unfortunate?

Neither this review nor Gary Arnold's review ever discuss what is really important about the movie. This review is too busy reviewing Arnold and Arnold is too busy being negative.

The movie raises a few important questions. Like, can you really live in a world and participate in society if you ignore the bad moments like war, death, and poverty and concentrate on the good moments like being in love and having a baby? The movie seems to say no. Billy Pilgrim is not really a social animal after he becomes unstuck in time.

The movie makes a strong point for the desirability from a purely individual point of view of living the way Billy lives. It is, of course, desirable to be happy. But being happy all the time seems to have strange consequences if it is achieved by becoming uninterested in the world's bad moments.

The movie asks at least one more question. Where does accident leave off and intention begin? If the plane you are in crashes, that is an accident. But if someone drops a bomb from a plane and you (unfortunately) happen to be under it, is that an accident or did the pilot mean to get you?

The Tralfamadorians say that the end of the universe is an accident. They say that one of their pilots, testing a new rocket fuel, pushes the wrong button and in a brief flash the whole universe disappears. We say that there will be a cosmological necessity for the end of the universe. Who knows?

Finally, if the movie really misses anywhere, it is in failing to make use of the three words that formed the central theme of Vonnegut's book. The words are: "So it goes." In the book they are repeated as the final comment on any disaster involving death. The effect comes very close to a true portrayal of the state of mind of any citizen of the 20th century who has just watched another body being loaded onto another helicopter on the NBC nightly news. Vonnegut makes of the phrase, "So it goes," an eloquent comment on the impossibility of reacting humanely to every inhuman thing that we must witness by simple virtue of being alive today with access to a history book and a TV. There is not enough emotion in all the ages to make up a decent reaction to the atrocities of the last three decades. So it goes.

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COUNTERNOTES

By BRUCE ROSENSTEIN

SCHOOL'S OUT – Alice Cooper –

(Warner Brothers)

There was a time when I didn't much care for Alice Cooper. Didn't dislike them, I was just indifferent. All that changed early in the year on account of two things: getting into their single "Be My Lover" and seeing them live. (All the better that it was at the Baltimore Civic Center).

Alice has got one of the best live shows imaginable. It's one of the most creative and successful – and occasionally tasteless – amalgams of rock with theatrics. And they change the act periodically too, so it's probably not the same act now as it was six months ago. It's really too bad that Ed Sullivan isn't on the air anymore. . ."Right on, I mean right now, on our stage, let's have a really big hand for Alice Cooper. Come on, let's really hear it." And then into "Dead Babies."

The Baltimore concert night included a spiffy party in Alice's honor at one of The Strip's most elegant night spots, The Tic-Toc Club. Trouble was that about 75 more people than they figured got into the club, plus they never cleared the place out, so bent over, half-dead, 60-year-old barflys managed to keep their places at the bar among the Cooper party freaks, and all the 14-year-old groupies freaked out the club manager who started gettin' paranoid about his license.

The party had to be secretely (ho ho) transfered to the Club Venus, which is about 20 miles from the Tic-Toc, and the journey was accomplished with a couple of limousines leading the way at high speed, carrying Alice, the band, and every groupie who could push her/his way in. A few cars managed to follow right behind, while a few got lost and didn't show up at the Venus for an hour. As we walked in the door the Baltimore suburbanites were being treated to a band cranking out "American Pie."

Anyway, they're coming back to the area soon, but until then we've got this album, and it's almost as spiffy as the party, packaged in a school desk with the record coming in (no pun) blue paper panties. The title cut is one of of the two or three best singles of the year, clinching a place for AC as one of the best hard rock bands, as good as the 13th Floor Elevators, Frijid Pink, The Third Power, Crank, or all of them put together. There's a lot of other good hard stuff on this album, like "Blue Turk," "Gutter Cats vs. The Jets," and, well it's all good hard stuff. It's also got some horns and strings and they've said they've swiped lots of licks from a movie soundtracks and nobody ever noticed, but now it's too obvious not to notice, and it sounds like a hard rock version of "West Side Story." It's no coincidence that they're going to be doing a Broadway show real soon.

SCHOOL'S OUT may be a genuine concept album, but I think it's better for all concerned if we don't think of it that way. That would be much too pretentious for Alice.

Just listen a couple of times and you'll know that this is the greatest album anywhere since the legendary, sparsely distributed bootleg of Alice and Co. in 1970; BARRY AND THE HURRICANES, SO COOL which is Alice rocking the Wheaton Youth Center with such favorites as "Stick Your Tongue In My Ear," a country/rock parody, "Your Leather Is Black and I'm Feeling Blue" "Bend Over I Think I Love You," "Snake Guts," and a 12-minute version of "I'm Eighteen."

Alice Cooper is fortunately a live group who can deliver on record too. Maybe you can't see 'em chopping up dolls or Alice getting hanged, but you really can't complain now, can you?

SINGLE CITY

Last time that I wrote about singles, several became hits, (Argent, Alice Cooper, Sailcat, Eagles) so here's some more picks to click:

Mott The Hoople makes its debut on Columbia with a two-sided smash produced by David Bowie, "All the Young Dudes"/"One of the Boys." "Dudes" is the more commercial of the two, with the Bowie influence overpowering; he wrote the song, sings backup, and it sound more like Bowie than MtheH, yet it's a powerful song with a strong repeating chorus; one of the attributes of a hit single. The flip is longer and harder rocking and more like the MtheH sound we're used to. The Bowie–Hoople combination sounds as if it will be quite productive.

The Move gives us a dose of good old rock 'n' roll on "California Man" (UA), with Roy Wood and Jeff Lynne singing their guts out and Jeff pounding the piano with religious fervor. This one's got horns and delightfully silly lyrics and is even better than their previous non-hit "Chinatown." Even though they're still into the Electric Light Orchestra phase (and now a Wood-Rick-Price venture called Wizard) this side harkens back to the early Move days.

British producer Rodger Bain had come up with a couple of classics recently: "Gonna Have A Good Time" by Streak (A&M) and the legendary Troggs' "Everything's Funny"/ "Feels Like A Woman," (Pye). The latter is proof enough that the "Wild Thing" gang is alive and well; "Woman" has blistering lead guitar and lyrics similar to "Wild Thing" packing much 1966-like excitement. "Everything's Funny" sounds very Roy Wood-inspired to the point of the lead singer practically imitating Roy's voice in this comment on everyday British life.

In England, T. Rex may have all the little girls wetting their pants, but all the teenage lost causes and punks are getting their rocks off on Slade, a hard rock band of skinheads who've grown their hair and who some say will be able to fill Madison Square Garden next year this time. "Take Me Back 'Ome" (Polydor), their third consecutive No. 1 hit in England, is infectuous hard rock and a preview of their SLADE ALIVE album.

A few American singles worth mentioning are "Garden Party," by Rick Nelson and the Stone Canyon Band (Decca), a catchy ballad about his trials and tribulations at a rock and roll revival show at Madison Square Garden where the people living in the past didn't get off on Rick's new country and hard rock style. It's got good lyrics and Rick's typically effective vocal treatment.

(Country) Joe McDonald is making a strong comeback attempt with "Fantasy," (Vanguard) a ballad in the "Sing Sing Sing" "Here I Go Again" vein. It's a nice combination of Joe's newfound, quieter style with C J & The Fish-style lyrics.

Finally, Wet Willie – sometimes known as "J. Geils Band - South" – has a rousing version of Otis Redding's "Shout Bamalama" (Capricorn), with great performances on vocals and piano and a tough false ending. Their second album is due shortly.

NEVADA JUKEBOX – 60,000,000 Buffalo (Atco)

BIRTHA – (Dunhill)

CHESAPEAKE JUKEBOX BAND – (Green Bottle)

Musically, these three albums do not resemble each other in the least. Then why review them together? Well, it's like this: they've all got funky old Wurlitzer jukeboxes on the cover. Maybe it's a conspiracy. Anyway, Chesapeake and Buffalo have at least got jukebox in their names or titles, so what gives, eh Birtha? But their jukebox is the most appealing; more streamlined, more colorful, it even vibratezzzzzzz on the front cover. Buffalo's looks too much like an oversized old fashioned soda machine like they used to have at gas stations and still have at some old grocery stores.

While we're on the subject, I may as well say something about the music, except in the case of the Chesapeake Jukebox Band, in which I'm much in favor of letting sleeping dogs lie. Their sole claim to fame at this point is that their producer, Ron Frangipane, who used to work with Mandrake Memorial, is supposedly goint to do some work with John Lennon soon, but then again these days that's not much of an accomplishment – just ask David Peel and Elephants Memory.

I guess 60,000,000 Buffalo is the best of the bunch and they've got the best name, too. Their main asset is Judy Roderick, who used to sing solo but now she's got a pretty fair band behind her and they play what once would have been called folk-rock. Their LP is pretty good, there's only one outstanding song, "Maid of Constant Sorrow," but then most albums these days don't even have one outstanding song.

Birtha is, if you haven't guessed by now, an all woman band, and, if you haven't guessed by now, sounds quite a bit like Fanny. If you can rationalize the fact that there are roughly 26,500 bands around the world doing the exact same brand of hard rock – regardless of sex – you can take your hand out of your pocket and shell out five bucks for the album. Personally, I find them to be almost as good as Fanny, if they could only stop copying them. Above all, they sound as if they have potential.

But really, this jukebox thing is getting out of hand. The next designer who uses a jukebox on an LP cover should be deported to the Art department of MGM Records.

ROOTIN' – Navasota – (ABC)

NITZINGER – (Capitol)

RIO GRANDE MUD – ZZ Top – (London)

It's too bad that the term rock 'n' roll has been overused to the point where its meaning has been lost. So many people have been casually dropping the name that you just can't trust it anymore. Well, what once was called rock 'n' roll is present in fine and and healthy form through the grace of Navasota on their debut album. They – like Nitzinger and ZZ Top – are from Texas and they are potentially the most exciting thing to come out of that state since Johnny Winter. ROOTIN' is one of the sharpest, most dynamic LPs in a long while; there's no stasis in these grooves; they can rock. Some of the songs are better than others, none are poor. "Western Boots," "That's How It Is (Playin' In A Rock and Roll Band)," and "Canyone Ladies" are standouts, and check out their version of Howlin' Wolf's "I'm Leavin'." More than anything, what sets them apart from the others is the lead vocals by Dicky Sony, who can belt out rock and easily switch to a country lament liek "Ballad Of A Young Man," which ahs Byron Berline on fiddle. Navasota is as tight as can be. If you give them a chance, they'll leave you sweaty and satisfied.

Nitzinger is good, but they're not in the same league as Navasota. They're produced by Bloodrock's Jim Rutledge, and much of their sound comes from the hard throbbing bottom characteristic of Bloodrock and similar bands. Jack Nitzinger haddles the lead guitar and vocals in this trio, and his songwriting is acceptable; things like "Louisiana Cockfight" and "Ticklelick" are quite good while "No Sun" is downright embarrasing. It's too out-of-place with the hard rock. Maybe it's Jack's idea of a bad joke. The rest of the LP, however, more than makes up for it. Basically a good, solid debut album.

ZZ Top is an anachronism. They're a trio, white, from Texas, and dey play da blooze. Yes, in 1972, there's actually a white band out there still trying to play blues. I mean, everyone else has given up two years ago at least, and here's these guys trying to sound like an old black man sittin' and playin' on his backporch in Arkansas. There's not many bands with the grapes to do a song called "Apologies To Pearly" which is a combination of "Dust My Broom" and "The Stumble" without crediting either Elmore James or Freddie King. I dare you to keep a straight face when Billy Gibbons sings, in his best black imitation of "Mushmouth Shoutin'," "You're crazy when you gets drunks, you're talkin' all out your head. . . You been keepin' me from my sleeps at night." Actually, they don't only play blues, they play hard rock too, and it's there that they fare best. "Francene" and "Just Got Paid," which latter shows more than a passing Johnny Winter influence, are well above average songs. Listening to this album you'd swear that it was still 1968, and maybe that's where ZZ Top's charm lies.

Navasota, Nitzinger, and ZZ Top all show that Texas hag got some good things to offer, and it would be especially nice of Navasota to make it big.

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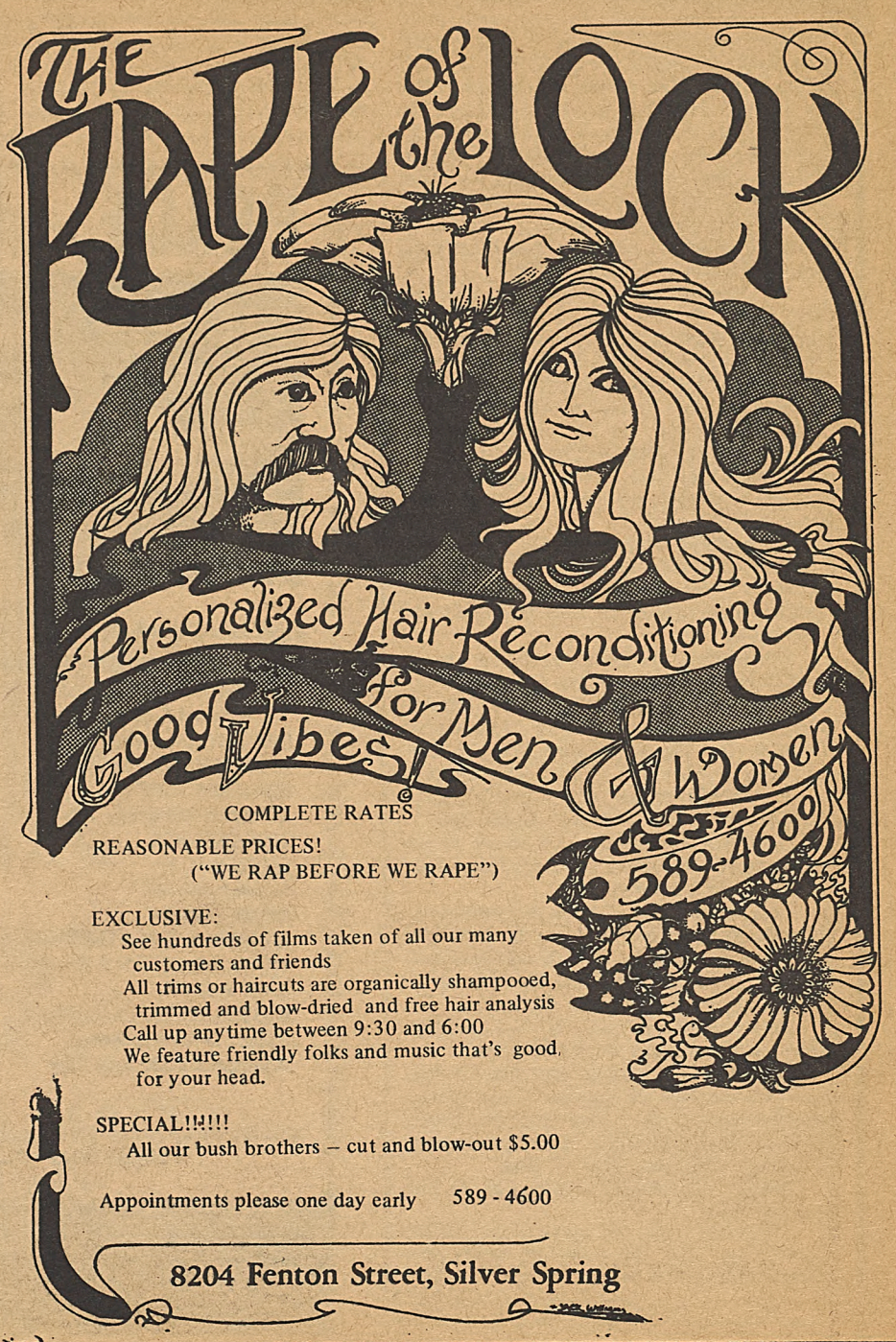

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By BETH BURKHARDT

The Alvin Ailey Company is a supurb collection of beautifully trained dancers from which emanates a passion for living and for expressing it.

The passion in a performing dancer is unusual. Anyone dedicating all of his or her productive energy to drill more often ends up a mechanistic slave. The quality of the dancing in Ailey's company far surpasses the quality of what is danced about. Ailey's choreographic material evolves out of a superficial description of man's inner being and his relationship with the cosmos – I think. It's hard to tell because abstraction can cover a multitude of artistic sins by blurring the idea into what appears to be a synthesis of simplicity and universality. Intellectually, Ailey bores me. He has very little of lasting value to say. However, for pure entertainment, he puts on a great show. He has trained a fantastic corps of dancers.

My enthusiasm for the dancing is partly a reaction to my dismay in the dances, as I find that I clearly separate the two in my mind. I remember very little substance from earlier performances by the Alvin Ailey company at the Lisner, but felt compelled to go again to see if Ailey had grown choreographically and for a change of setting, to see the company displayed in the spacious theatrical arena of Wolf Trap. [Warning: I have observed that the theatrics necessary for the soaring dimensions at the Filene Center seem to kill the aesthetics of intimate or informal groups.]

Most audiences judge a full concert by the Ailey company a joyous occasion. This is primarily a reaction to the beauty and artistry of the dancers. If you expect meatier subject matter, the evening can be an aesthetically lean meal with a very rich dessert. Ailey saves his best until last, ending each evening with his circa 1960 "Revelations." He starts with newer works, of seeming inconsequential content, glossed over with abstraction and devoid of all but the most obvious dramatic development. Again, what saves the dance is the dancer, most notable being Judith Jamison. Her personal power as a performer brings even the labored and weak choreographic bomb "Cry" to a stunning level of artistry. Also outstanding for his strength and sensitivity is Dudley Williams. Each dancer in the entire company projects a special individuality. There is not the feeling of mechanical sameness when the lines of dancers perform identical steps; rather, it is an occassion for each performer to present his separate talent simultaneously with the other members in what emerges as a family of artists. This is not to imply chaos, but a lovely merging of personal expression and professional discipline.

Only in the last dance is the full blending of form and content seen. The blending of subject matter and its expression is present in dances by choreographers other than Ailey – such as Joyce Trisler's "Dance For Six." But the power and reputation of Ailey's company is only seen in its entirety in "Revelations." This dance is so spectacular in its joy of being human that it is worth seeing again and again. The inherent spontaneity of the piece and its compelling drive is a very involving experience and brought the sold-out Wolf Trap audience to its feet for a cheering ovation. Anyone who has not yet had the pleasure of this experience in dance should do so. It is worth waiting through Ailey's endless abstract ramblings.

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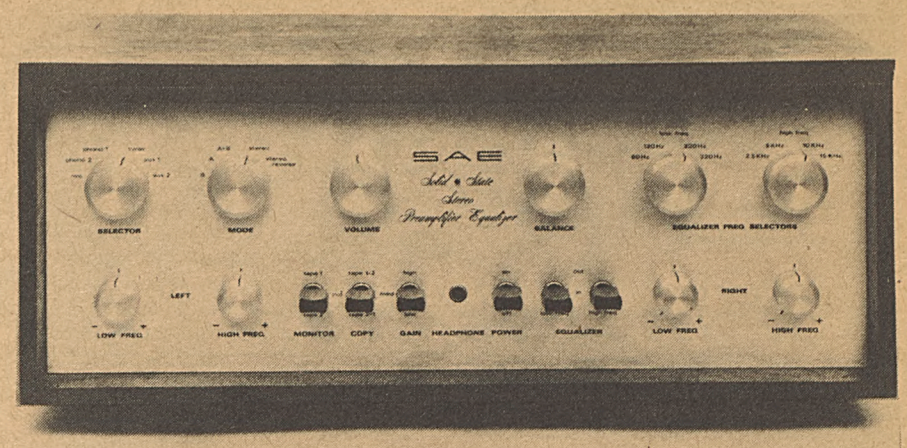

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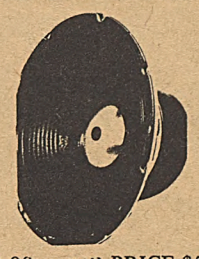

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BOOKS

THE RIVERS OF EROS by Cyrus Colter
The Swallow Press, 1972, 219 pp., $6.95 (hardbound).

Reviewed by Judith Willis

Cyrus Colter is the fifth black commissioner in the Illinois Commerce Commission's 102-year-history and is presently its senior member. Cyrus Colter is also vice chairman of the Citizen's Committee of the Chicago Public Library, a member of the Chicago Bar Association, and a trustee of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

In his spare time, he writes.

What else do you do when you're 50 years old and your weekend golf foursome breaks up?

When Colter lost his golf partners some ten years ago, to fill up his weekends he began writing short stories. His first published collection, THE BEACH UMBRELLA, won the $1,000 Iowa School of Letters Award for Short Fiction in 1970. Two years later, at the age of 62, Cyrus Colter is a published and accomplished novelist.

His first novel, THE RIVERS OF EROS, centers around Clotilda Pilgrim, an aging widow and grandmother caring for her two grandchildren in Chicago's black ghetto. It is also about the people who live in the rooming-house Clotilda runs: Leticia, an aging but still hopeful spinster; Ambrose Hammer, an aging but hopeful scholar; and Neeley, Hammer's aging and hopeless competitor and friend.

On the surface a rather dull bunch.

But the surface is not what Colter is concerned with. And when you and he delve beneath you find that no one is dull.

Grandmother Clotilda is dogged by her one moment of passion. When she was married but childless due to a husband who either couldn't or wouldn't Clotilda made love – only once – with her sister's husband, conceived his child, and bore it and raised it as her husband's daughter. This daughter, Ruby, grew up and married a man with a roving eye. Ruby discovered his roving just as she caught the roving eye of one of her husband's employees. In an attempt to get even with her husband, Ruby, after much hesitation, decided to meet the roving employee. But before they had a chance to meet, Ruby's husband found out about the intended rendezvous and in front of their daughter, Addie, stabbed Ruby to death.

Addie and her brother, Lester, come to live with Clotilda. When Addie is 16, Clotilda in the process of cleaning out the girl's drawer finds a few rubbers stashed away among the slips and sweaters. Shortly after, Clotilda discovers that the daughter of her own sinfully-begotten child is having an affair with a married black militant junkie.

To Clotilda this is the final evil outcome of an evil chain of events which she began with an evil act. Clotilda escapes into insanity, but Addie breaks into her grandmother's "unreal" world. In forcing Clotilda to face reality, Addie also forces her to act out the violent thoughts her insanity has been protecting her from. I refuse to tell you how she acts them out because that's the end of the novel. But it's not the end of this review.

So let's go back to the middle of the book.

As an echo of the theme of personal violence, Colter has introduced the theme of political guilt, violence and reality. The most theatrical, ironic and sensational scene in the book is one in which Hammer is giving a lecture to a black fraternal lodge on "The Need For Greater Emphasis On The Contribution Of The Black Man To The Early Struggle For American Independence." Clotilda and Addie sit in the front row listening intently while in the back, Addie's lover and his sidekick lean against the wall making nasty comments.

Oblivious, Hammer continues to deliver his tedious and detached lecture which dwells on the honor accorded to Crispus Attucks, a runaway Massachusetts slave who was the first man to die fighting the British for American Independence. Attucks was buried with three white comrades-in-arms. Hammer tells his audience: " ' Attucks lying dead on the ground, and the wounded falling back into the arms of their comrades. Ah, what an inspiring sight, my friends – a thrilling sight. ' "

To which Addie's lover laughs and says, " ' Where'd they get this God-Damn white folks' nigger, man? ' "

A few minutes and a few comments later, two black policemen enter the lecture hall and ask Addie's lover and his companion to step outside for questioning. The two refuse, and the lecture on the heroism of the black American turns into a violent, gory fight between two black policemen and two black civilians. Faced with the reality of the violence rather than the valor which issues from guilt and frustration imprisoned and turned in upon itself, Hammer is unable to finish his lecture.

Although the novel has a dramatic, almost cinematic, quality to it which comes mostly, I think, from the use of the third person omniscient point of view, the characterization is extraordinary in its depth and complexity. If somebody's smart (which they probably won't be), they'll make this one into a movie.

There is some unevenness in the technical quality of Colter's writing, especially when he tries to give a quick rundown of Addie's and then Hammer's life history in a couple of paragraphs. In these passages, even our omniscience is not sufficient reason for our being able to know so much so quickly.

But these are minor flaws in an otherwise skillfully wrought novel. And it's a good thing for us that Colter's golf pals quit.

FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS
by Hunter S. Thompson Random House, 1972, 206 pp., $5.95, (hardbound).

Reviewed by Michael Dixon

Writing a review of this book has been difficult, I simply could not believe that substantial portions of this narrative were true. Hunter Thompson should be given periodic saliva tests, and only let out long enough to see the sun, and then scuttled back into some deep hole where he should be kept from an intolerant and paranoid world. Tom Wolfe thinks he's brilliant. Well, maybe so, but I think he's obsessed and that can be frightening. If one-tenth of his recital is true then Mr. Thompson is a lunatic, and I admire him for his ability to survive this long without discovery. Sadly for him, though, this book may destroy forever his anonymity and whatever chance he had to remain free.

> We were somewhere around Barstow on the edge of the desert when the drugs began to take hold. . .

And immediately the reader is thrust into the bizarre world of one Hunter Thompson, free-lance journalist and his lawyer friend Dr. Oscar Zeta Acosta, who is not so secretly a drug-warped, knife-weilding psychotic.

Under the auspices of covering a motorcycle race called the Mint 400 (sounds like a drink) for Sports Illustrated the author and his faithful companion embark upon a journey that can only be described as a modern day version of Sinbad the Sailor, plus dope. Their destination is Las Vegas, and getting there is half the fun. With a trunk full of practically every drug known to man, his lawyer in tow, and Thompson at the wheel of their rented Shark convertible they begin their descent into depravity. From the moment they pick up an unsuspecting hitch-hiker, to their ultimate confrontation with LAS VEGAS CULTURE, all is chaos. I became unsure what was reality and what was obviously a product of a twisted mind, but I also came to the realization that this distinction was not merely irrelevant but, in fact, very unnecessary and counter to the intent and purpose of the book.

This rambling and often unbelieveable narrative is a framing device by which the author examines his experiences and attempts to let the reader know what happened, by any means necessary. So we are bombarded with one madcap escapade after another, something akin to slapstick comedy translated to print. We are taken by the collar, gotten a good hold of, and shook, shook until we react. Usually the reaction is one of an outraged sensibility, always bordering on disbelief (Can this really be happening?).

Unfortunately this begins to falter, for the format of one climatic, outrageous episode after another soon has the reader saying, "But what can he possibly do next?" About one half of the book is able to keep this ever-escalating shock/response thing going, but then it wilts. Not because of a sudden ingestion of bad writing, or a suddenly dull narrative, but because by now the reader knows what to expect and Thompson's frantic scurryings around Las Vegas have become boring.

I don't wish to discourage people from this book entirely, it is worth reading for the first half alone. There are some episodes that are destined to become classics as long as there are people around who are interested in real street theater and politics of the outrageous. From the first ether binges, to the infiltration of a national District Attorney's Conference on Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, we are speeded along with the author toward the heart of the American Dream, and Thompson intended to find it. I only wish he would have talked more about the American Dream, for he does have a good eye, and a sense of what it means to survive in a country such as this one. Maybe Thompson will take another look, and when he does, maybe he'll let us know.

YOUNG DEMONS Ed. by Roger Elwood & Vic Ghidalia, Avon, 160 pp., $.75, (paper)

Reviewed by John Burgess

Here's a collection of eight stories using children as the vehicles – if not sources – of terror. All of the stories are good, only a few of them are not great.

The first story, "Sredni Vashtar" by Saki [H.H. Munro], sets the tone with beautiful images of a child's mind and a child's conception of justice. The next, "Bettyann" by Kris Neville, is the most exquisite of the lot. The story traces the development – both in body and awareness – of a child, the daughter of aliens, who is trapped on Earth in human form when her parents die in a crash.

YOUNG DEMONS continues through such fine stories as "Shut the Last Door" by Joe Hensley, "Transcendent Tigers" by Lafferty, "Apple" by Anne McCaffrey, and such not-so-fine, but still quite good ones as Katherine MacLean's "Games," Jack Williamson's "Jamboree." Also included is the classic Bradbury, "The Small Assassin" which is, perhaps, the story of childly malevolence.

This book is delightful, it might have been better, but it holds its own with no problem. All young parents-to-be might find the various aspects of children as presented in this book worth dwelling upon – they'll also look more closely when they hear some other parent address his child as a "little devil."

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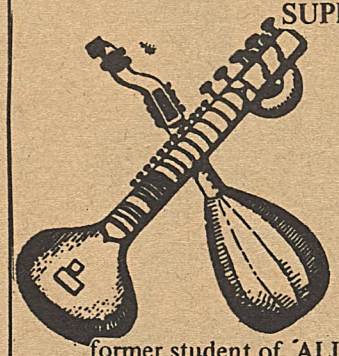

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THE IMAGINATION FOUNDATION in Columbia MD, is presenting a "B.Y.O." photo exhibit through Sept. 22 at the Slayton House on the Wilde Lake Village Green.. Everybody is invited to bring their own photos and hang them with those already on exhibit. The invitation to the exhibit opening arrived at WOODWIND in a plain brown paper bag. Now it's out of the bag that the exhibit hours are Mon. - Fri., 9 am – 9 pm; Sat, 9 am – 6 pm; and Sun., Noon – 6 pm.

BENJAMIN FORGEY, Evening Star-News art critic will conduct a 26-week, weekly Radio-Smithsonian series on "The Washington Art Scene." The program will debut Sept. 13 at 8:45 on WGMS. Forgey will review exhibitions, interview persons in the arts, and discuss art trends.

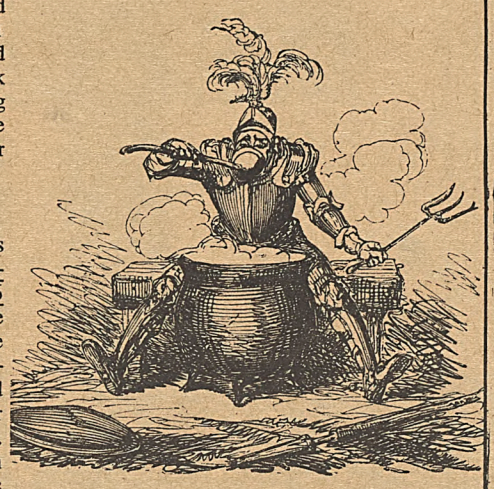
AUDITIONS for the Playwrights' Theatre of Washington will be held Sept. 13, 14, 20, & 21 from 7:30 to 10:30 p.m. in the Community Building at 1724 20th St. NW. The auditions are open to actors and actresses of all ages and physical descriptions. If you decide to try-out, bring along a recent photograph and a resume. You should also prepare a modern and a classical selection three to five minutes long. It is recommended that contrasting selections be chosen [such as a comedy and a serious piece] to demonstrate your versatility. PTW will begin its program of original plays in Nov. under the auspices of the non-profit American Society of Theatre Arts. For more information call Jared Matesky at 635 - 2858.

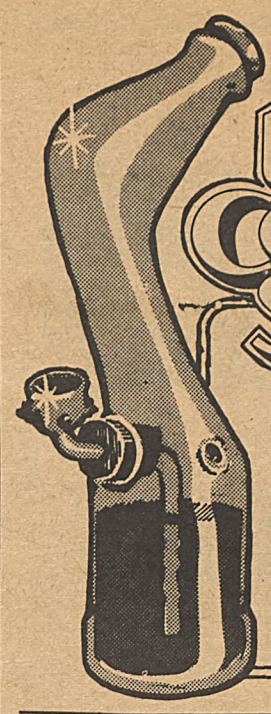
VOLUNTEERS are wanted for the Renwick Gallery's Docent Program. Volunteers in the program receive training in both the National Collection of Fine Arts and the Renwick, and have a choice of working in either or both museums. Training is to begin in Oct., and will consist of two half-day sessions a week over a two month period. After completing the course, each volunteer is required to give one tour a week in the museums. To volunteer call Darrel Sewell at 381 - 6541.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY has extended its exhibition "If Elected. . ." Unsuccessful Candidates for the Presidency 1796 – 1968, due to its popularity. So far, more than 60,000 persons have attended this free exhibit which contains portraits of 80 presidential candidates, 500 campaign items, taped campaign songs. The exhibit also includes four films with showings beginning at 11:30 am. Subjects of the films are Al Smith, Norman Thomas, Wendell Willkie, and the Women's Suffrage Movement. The Gallery is open daily from 10 am to 5:30 pm.

SIX DANCERS with Washington's National Ballet and its choreographer won top awards at the Sixth International Ballet Competition at Varna, Bulgaria, July 11 – 25. Winning first place in the competition for duos were Michelle Lees and Dennis Poole, newly-elected principals with the company. Kirk Peterson and Christine Knoblauch, also principal dancers, won bronze medals and a diploma. Kevin McKenzie and Suzanne Longley, 1972 graduates of the affiliated Academy of the Washington Ballet and new members of the National Ballet for the coming season, received second and third prizes respectively in the junior category. Ben Stevenson, the company's co-director, won first prize for his choreography of "Three Preludes." This is the first time in the history of the competition that such a large contingent of American dancers has been so honored.

THE SECOND ANNUAL GAZETTE COMMUNITY ACTION GUIDE is now available – a unique listing of local and national action organizations, community services, where to go with problems and complaints and who's who in local cultural life. More than 500 of the most important addresses and telephone numbers in town – from Joel Broyhill to the Shaw Comprehensive Clinic, from Citizens for Better Education to Brookland Against Delinquent Dogs, from the Kennedy Center to the Anacostia Museum. If you're active in DC, you'll want a copy. Organizations and agencies will want to order several. For further information, contact the DC GAZETTE at 109 8th St. NE, Washington, DC 20002.





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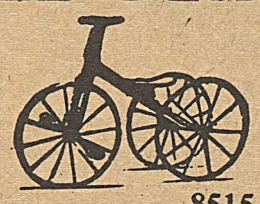

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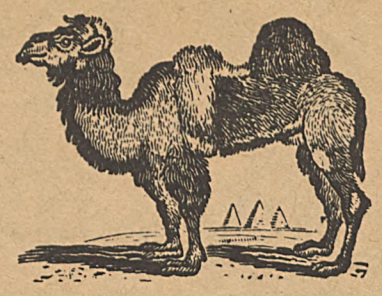
FOREST OF NIGHT Continued from Page 5

missioner thought "in the future" the zoo officials should be more careful in bringing the tigers together during cleaning.

Master Wei suddenly stopped. There had been a noise and he glanced at the crack at the bottom of the door. His pulse jumped with the scratching sound and he lowered the paper to his lap and listened. The scratching continued, first at the top of the door and then nearer to the knob as he rose from the chair and crossed silently to the fireplace. Waiting, breathing unevenly now, his eyes fixed on the small, fragile chain. Master Wei removed one of the two samurai swords from above the mantle and held it tightly against his chest.



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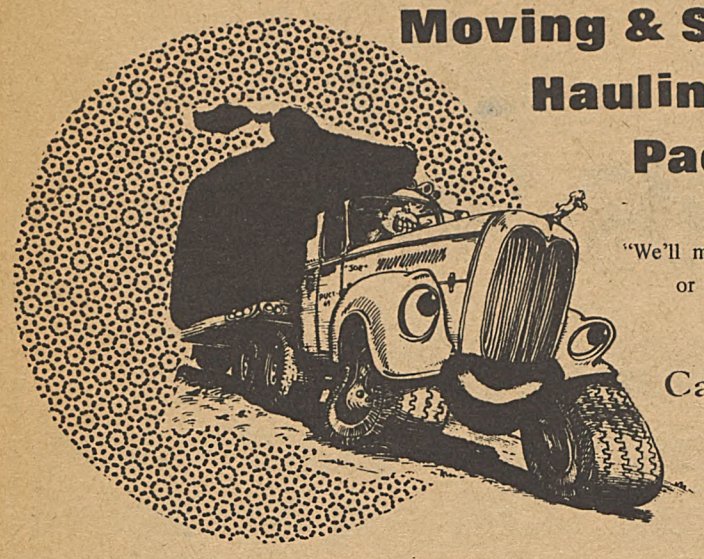

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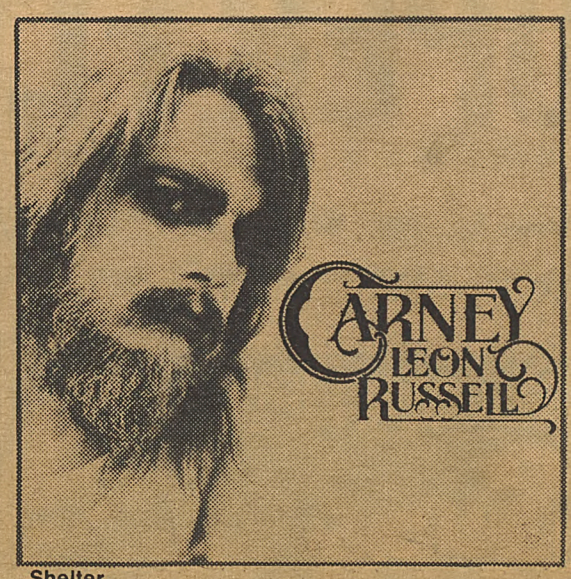

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